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The Daily News.

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June 27-3a

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has taken the above store, and having had
several years' experience in the business, feels
confident of giving entire satisfaction to all
who may trust merchandise or business to his
management.
N. B.—Consignments respectfully solicited.
152

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m2-6m d

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of goods.
m2-11

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dishes, Game, and other delicacies.
He begs that those using the "four minute"
machine to make Ice Cream (the virtue
of which is solely a matter of time) will com-
pare his smooth well manipulated Ice Cream
with that made by the machine, he believes
that those that appreciate a good thing will
let the Machine rust, or convert it to some
other purpose.
153-154

THE HAMMONTON FARMER.—A new
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also setting forth full accounts of the
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Enclose postage stamps for the amount.—
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one of the healthiest and most delightful
climates in the Union, and where crops are
never cut down by frosts, the terrible scourge
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GLASS SHADES! GLASS SHADES!
Of all sizes for covering CLOCKS, FLOW-
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Constantly on hand and made to order.
DEPOT 152 WILLIAM STREET, Cor. Ann,
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The trade supplied with a price list, on appli-
cation.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

(Continued.)

And thus, short, sharp, and decisive, began and ended "HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP;" "what came of it," may be learned by any reader sufficiently persevering to peruse all that yet remains to be told of this voracious history.

CHAPTER XIV. DECIDEDLY EMBARRASSING.

Alice and Harry were so deeply engrossed with each other, and so absorbed in the interchange of those mysterious but delightful nothings which form the staple of lovers' communications, and which, deeply interesting to the happy pair, appear to the unsusceptible public, the veriest nonsense imaginable, that they actually were still some distance from the station when the train rushed up, squeezed out a few passengers, and dashed into the north of England. Walking on rapidly, they soon discovered Arthur, embarrassed by a carp-bag and a mackintosh, making the best of his way to them; the moment he came within speaking distance, he exclaimed—

"What do I behold! Harry Coverdale with a young lady on his arm! Surely, the age of miracles is returning! Well I never did! did you ever?—and Alice, looking so deliciously self-satisfied and unconscious too—why, you stupid little owl (you're very like one, with your hooked nose and 'grays eyes') don't you know you're boring him to death—he cares for nothing but horses, dogs and guns, and above all, perfectly abominable women?"

Alice smiled, and attempted to make a playful rejoinder, but in vain, her heart was too full—had she spoken at that moment, she must have burst into tears. The speech affected Harry differently.

"I do nothing of the kind," he said angrily; "Arthur, how can you be so absurd?" Pausing for a moment, the ludicrous nature of the situation occurred to him, and with difficulty restraining a laugh, he turned the subject by seizing his friend's carpet-bag, exclaiming as he did so, "Come, give it up; of course I'm not going to let you carry it—you're looking horridly thin and pale, as Londoners always do—is he not, Alice?—Miss Hazlehurst? What? you refuse—give it up this instant, or I declare, I'll carry you and it too."

During the playful struggle which ensued for the possession of the carpet-bag, in which contention Harry was soon victorious, Alice, glad to attain a few minutes in which to compose herself, walked on. As the young men hastened to rejoin her, Hazlehurst, laying his hand on Coverdale's arm, inquired, "How has it all gone off? Crane hasn't ventured to offer yet, of course?"

"Yes by love, he has!" was the reply, "the old maid contrived to pop last night, confound him, when I was out of the room, and hadn't a chance of brooding anything at his head."

"And Alice?" inquired the brother, eagerly; but his eagerness frustrated his own purpose (no uncommon case by the way); for pronouncing the name in a louder key than he was aware of, the owner thereof stopped short, and thus prevented the possibility of farther explanation. As they continued their homeward walk, Arthur, who was a quick observer, soon detected a change in Harry's manner towards his sister, for which, at first, he felt exceedingly puzzled to account—a respectful tenderness was apparent in his tone when he addressed her, and he exhibited a degree of eager, almost affectionate solicitude for her ease and comfort in all the minor incidents of a country walk, such as Hazlehurst during the whole of their intimacy had never before seen him evince towards a young lady.

"What has come to Harry now?" wondered Harry as he reflected, "if I were any one in the world but him, should say he was flirting with Alice—but Harry never flirted in his life, so that is impossible," he pondered for a moment, then an idea struck him, "I see it now; my father has forced the poor child to accept Crane, Harry knows it, and the pity his kind warm-hearted nature leads him to feel towards her influences his manner—they were each coming to tell me all that has occurred, and have met by accident—yes, that must be it!" In order, however, more fully to satisfy himself of the correctness of his theory, he observed in his usual light, jesting manner, "I think, Mr. Coverdale, it behooves me as a man and a brother, to inquire how you come to be marching about the country, tele a tele with

my sister at this unconscionably early hour?"

Harry, who, between his desire to enlighten Arthur as to the new and transcendently delightful, but equally embarrassing turn affairs had taken, and the impossibility of doing so before Alice, the overpowering nature of his feelings towards that young lady, and his extreme happiness at finding them reciprocated, the great and imminent danger, in re Crane, and the humiliating confession regarding his lost influence with Mr. Hazlehurst, together with the awkward position in which he stood towards that outraged and obdurate elder, was in a tremendous frame of mind, merely started and stared vacantly at his interrogator.

But Alice, who by this time had regained in some degree her self-possession, replied quickly: "Mr. Coverdale and I were both coming to meet you, and encountering each other accidentally, walked on together."

As she spoke, Arthur striving to read her countenance, fixed his eyes upon her; unable to meet his glance she turned away with an April look, half tears half smiles. "It must be as I thought," reflected Arthur; "but if anything is to be done to save her, no time should be lost. I'll not waste the present opportunity. My dear Coverdale," he continued aloud, "I wish to have a few minutes' private conversation with my sister—you and I are too old friends to stand upon ceremony; so you will not be offended if I ask you to walk on, and wait for us at the stile at the end of the path."

This direct appeal brought Harry to his senses, but not feeling sure whether Alice would approve of having the whole burden of explanation thrown upon her, he glanced inquiringly towards her, ere he ventured to reply. Now, Alice, fond as she was of her brother, was also, (from their difference in point of age, as well as from the fact that Arthur's nature was more firm and resolute than her own, and his manner quick and abrupt,) a little afraid of him. Thus, being aware how very highly he esteemed Coverdale, an estimation she was inclined to transcend rather than to depreciate, a sudden fear seized her lest Arthur, deeming her a mere silly child, should consider his friend had done a foolish thing in choosing her for a wife, when he might have selected, at the very least, some strong-minded peeress, and that he might be angry with her for her presumption in having accepted him. This feeling overpowering for the moment every other induced her to respond to Harry's look of inquiry by a slight shake of the head, and a glance which would have kept him by her side if a whole regiment of brothers, armed with Minnie rifles and Colt's revolvers, had attempted to separate them. But Arthur, being totally unarmed, and having simply asked a civil question, the answer which Harry, appropriately quoting Sir Walter Scott, might have made to the hypothetical regiment—"Come on, come all, this rock (not that there was a rock, but that is a trifle) will fly, from its firm base as soon as I," was unfit for the present emergency, and no other equally good suggested itself. What he did say was this:

"A—really—of course I'd do it in a minute, my dear fellow—but—A—I'm not quite sure"—here he glanced at Alice—"that is, I'm not positively certain that—a—in fact, the thing's impossible."

"You're certain that it's impossible that you can walk on to the stile before Alice and me? My dear Harry, what are you talking—or rather (for the truth is, you're pre-occupied)—what are you thinking about?" inquired Arthur, in amazement; then seeing from the expression of his friend's countenance that he was really anxious and excited, he continued, "I see there is something I ought to hear—if Alice won't tell me, you must, Miss Alice, do you walk on to the stile, since Harry finds it impossible, and wait for us. There, be off with you."

As he spoke, they reached the rustic bench before alluded to, and having taken his sister by the elbows, and playfully propelled her a few steps in the desired direction, he seated himself, and made a sign to Coverdale to follow his example.

"One moment, Arthur, and I'll be with you," replied Coverdale, springing to Alice's side; "then I may tell him everything?" he continued.

"Oh yes," was the unhesitating answer.

And you will wait for us at the stile? I won't detain him five minutes."

"If you wish it,"—
"Can you doubt it?" were the necessary lover-like rejoinders; and Coverdale returned to his friend, who

looked singularly mystified and slightly provoked.

"Now, be silent," exclaimed Hazlehurst, as Harry was about, with the greatest volubility, to plunge at once in *medias res*. "You have lived amongst women till you've learned to chatter like them, I think. I shall never bring you to the point, unless you will let me cross-examine you."

"Fire away, then, only look sharp, for your sister must not be kept waiting," was the reply.

"You've grown wonderfully polite and attentive all of a sudden," returned Arthur, sarcastically. "But now, listen to me. Has Crane made Alice an offer?"

Harry replied in the affirmative.

"Did she refuse him?"

"Of course she did," was the disdainful rejoinder.

"I don't see any of course in it," returned Hazlehurst, moodily. "My father is resolved on the match. Alice has been brought up to obey him implicitly, and the habit of obedience is very strong in such a gentle, yielding nature as hers."

"If she is gentle and yielding, I'm not," exclaimed Harry, vehemently; "and with your support, and the knowledge that his daughter's happiness is at stake, Mr. Hazlehurst must listen to reason."

"My dear boy," returned Arthur, earnestly, "what a warm-hearted, horning-going fellow you are; you take as much interest in the affair as if it were your own. I say you naturally reason on the extent of your influence with my father, and I have reason to believe that you do not overrate it—why, what is the matter now? are you going out of your senses?"

This inquiry referred to a sudden and alarming outbreak on the part of Coverdale, who, when his influence with Mr. Hazlehurst was mentioned, sprang to his feet, uttering what mild mannerisms, engaged in the moral instruction of their offspring, term a "naughty word."

"You are enough to drive me mad," he replied angrily, "making us both say all sorts of absurd things at cross purposes, because you won't listen to the explanation I am remaining here on purpose to give you—keeping Alice waiting—"

"Well, let her wait," returned Arthur, testily, worried by Harry's constant reference to this point, "anybody would think you were Alice's lover instead of old Crane."

"And so I am," was the unexpected rejoinder, "and what is in me, old fellow, her accepted lover also. O, Arthur," he continued, seating himself by his friend's side, and laying his hand carelessly on his shoulder, "I am the happiest, luckiest dog in existence! to think that she should be able to love such a rough, uncultivated—but you are not displeased, are you—surprised, of course, you must be."

"Surprised, indeed," was the reply; "so much so, that even yet I can scarcely believe it—but displeased? why, my dear Harry, I'd rather she married you than any man breathing, be he prince or duke, or what not—it is the most charming, glorious, wonderful thing that ever happened; but now I can't conceive how it has come about; and yet, when I begin to reflect, I fancied that Alice was growing shy and conscious in regard to something or somebody before I went away. It's natural enough that she should take a fancy to you; but that you should fall in love with her, or, in bed, with any woman, does, I own, surprise me. I had so thoroughly made up my mind that you meant to be an old bachelor."

"You could not have done so more completely than I had," rejoined Harry; "but the fact is, that from the first moment in which I saw your sister, I fell in love with her, though I had not the most remote idea of it at the time. I can trace it all now; hence my dislike of D'Almayne, and the poor old cotton-spinner. I was afraid the fascinations of the one might win her heart, or the fortune of the other obtain her hand—in fact, I was unconsciously jealous of them both. But now come on, we really are keeping Alice an unreasonable time—ay, you may laugh, I don't care a sou now that you know all about it. Why, Arthur, old boy, you will be my brother, one of these days, that is a congenial advantage which has only just occurred to me."

Seizing his friend's hand as he spoke, he pressed it with such energy and good will, that Hazlehurst was enabled to give a shrewd guess at the sensation produced by that interesting medieval amenity. He thumbs-up w, and thus mutually pleased and excited, the young men proceeded, he talking volubly, and generally at the same moment, till they reached the stile where they found Alice awaiting

them, looking very timid, very-conscious, but exceedingly pretty. She need not have been uneasy, however, for Arthur had too much good taste and delicate feeling to laugh at her at that moment; on the contrary he hastened to set her mind at rest, by whispering, as he drew her to his side, and imprinted a kiss on her glowing cheek—

"My darling child, you have made me almost as happy as you have rendered him."

CHAPTER XV.
RELATES THE BENEVOLENT CONDUCT OF HORACE D'ALMAYNE.

The walk home was a very delightful one; Alice leaned on Harry's stalwart arm, and felt the most perfect and irrational confidence in his power to shield her from the effects of her father's anger, Mr. Crane's despair, and all other uncomfortable consequences of the act of filial disobedience which she meditated. Harry, already experiencing a sensation of delicious proprietorship in regard to the sweet girl beside him, felt himself exalted in the scale of humanity, and held his head a good inch higher on the strength of it, from which moral and physical elevation he looked down upon all field sports as soulless and ignoble pastimes, and despised them accordingly. Arthur, hoping that his sister's attachment to a man in every way so worthy of her, would inspire her with the firmness requisite to withstand successfully his father's possible opposition to the match, and that the matter would eventually end by securing her happiness and that of his friend, "forgot his own griefs" to rejoice in their bright prospects. And so they reached the pleasure-grounds, where Alice, separating from the two gentlemen, ran in to compose her excited feelings before appearing at breakfast.

"Arthur, wait one moment," exclaimed Coverdale, laying his hand on his friend's arm to detain him. "I have something important to say to you—my dear boy; isn't she an angel?"

"Why, really, my good fellow, between friends, and seeing that you appear to attach so much importance to the fact, I should say, taking into consideration the evidence in the case, and coming to the point without unnecessary prolixity, that she was, in no means an angel, but still a very pleasant little fellow to meet, and whom! my poor sister, sir!"

"Pshaw! you stupid old humbug," returned Harry, giving him a playful push, which caused him involuntarily to leap over a flower-bed, "do but just listen to me for a minute, and give me a sensible answer if you can. It's all very pretty for my darling Alice, and you, and me, to settle this matter so sweetly and easily; but remember, there's the governor come over, and Crane and his co-founded £20,000 a year, to heat out of his field; it strikes me we're in a awful fix, and about to become an interesting young couple. What is to be the next move, eh?"

"Oh, the affair lies in a nutshell," returned Hazlehurst; "I don't care for my father's view of the matter, and now that the usual degree of influence you have acquired over him will stand you in good stead; he may be a little annoyed at first, when he finds he must relinquish his favorite design of purchasing old Crane's farm; but he is very fond of Alice, and very proud of her."

"He'd be a most unnatural old Turk if he wasn't," muttered Harry, sotto voce.

"Consequently," continued Hazlehurst, not heeding the interruption, "when he perceives the immeasurable advantages to be obtained by allowing her to marry a man she loves, and who is in every way deserving of her affection, instead of an old scarecrow, who will be in his dotage (I believe he is so already more or less) while Ally is still quite a young woman, he cannot hesitate for a moment in giving his consent—you had better speak to him the instant breakfast is over—depend upon it, you'll find him all amiable."

"Depend upon it, I'll find him nothing of the kind," returned Coverdale, snappishly; then seeing the look of surprise that spread over his friend's countenance, he continued, dejectedly; "Ah, my dear boy, you little know the extent to which I've been putting my foot in it since you went away. Tom tells me I annoyed your governor three or four days ago, by talking the nonsense out of that beast of a horse old Crane had the impudence to give Alice; a brute, which would have broken her sweet neck, if I hadn't luckily been at hand, to catch her as she was falling—then, to improve the matter, last night we all drank wine enough, and the result of the Family got a little too much into

sold low at the City Music Store.
T. W. WOOD.

